

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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PROSPECTUS

FOR

VOLUME TWENTY.

A PROMINENT feature of the new volume will be the interesting
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF MISSIONARIES,
and other noble men and women of Zion, who have labored in the cause of truth, and whose examples are truly worthy of imitation. Some of these articles will also be accompanied by engravings of the persons mentioned.

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by "Kennon," the author of "Night Scenes in a Great City," will also be a pleasing feature of the new volume.

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will comprise a series of interesting incidents which have transpired in the experience of the Church in various parts of the earth.

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so plain and yet so attractive that the smallest children who attend the Sunday schools can understand and appreciate them.

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will receive special attention, and none but the best pieces of home composers will be published.

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we are confident, will be a valuable help to the teachers of the smallest children if they will read them and bring them to the attention of their pupils.

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will be of the very best, and no means will be spared to have the articles accompanying them of a superior quality.

We trust that our efforts to make the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR all that its name implies, and suitable for Sunday school class instruction and home reading will meet with the approval and hearty support of the Saints.

The new volume will commence January 1, 1885, and a number will be issued on the first and fifteenth of every month.

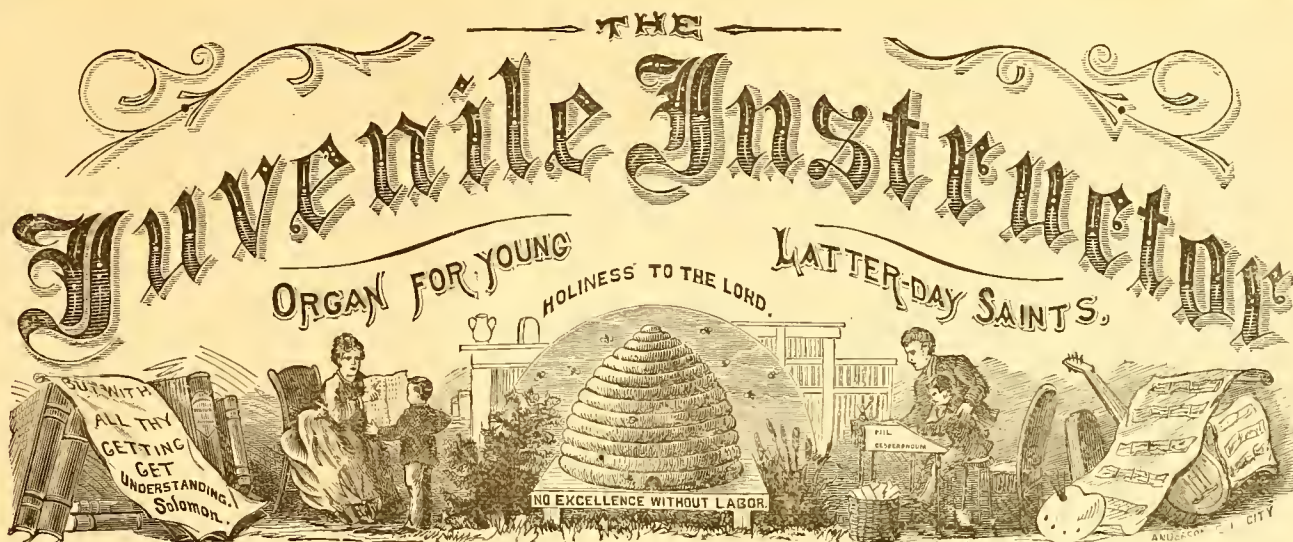
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NO. 23.

BANKS.

THE antiquity of banks is very great. In Europe the Bank of Venice, the earliest on record, started in 1171; the Bank of Genoa in 1407, and of Amsterdam in 1609. There are evidences, however, in the British Museum of a bank existing many centuries before the Christian era. The earliest banking firm of which we have any account existed about 700 B. C. Several documents and records belonging to this institution are in the museum. They are on clay tablets and were discovered in an earthen jar found in the neighborhood of Hillah, a few miles from Babylon. There are also exhibited some Babylonian tablets bearing distinct records of transactions in banking that took place in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. On them are memoranda of loans made of silver, etc.

Banks in former times were not nearly so numerous compared with the population, as they are in the present day. Nor were their business and resources so varied in their character. As late as the 17th century most banks were simply custodians of coin and bullion lodged with

them, for which they granted receipts transferable from hand to hand, entitling the owner to get back the gold and silver in coin or bullion as originally deposited. But money lying in such banks was unproductive, and indeed entailed upon the owners considerable charges to pay the necessary expenses of management. The service of the banker was simply a cash-keeper for his depositors, and the only source of revenue to the bank was the money paid it by the depositors for the safe keeping and management of their wealth. It will be seen that the business of such a bank was necessarily limited, and that there was no source of revenue to the depositor. In recent times, however, the competition for money by borrowers has become so keen and the outlets for lending it so numer-

ous that banks of this class are no longer needed. They have in fact, all passed away, and the business of receiving money is now universally combined with that of lending it out.

A banker does not hoard all the money deposited with him; he gives the greater portion of it out on loan. The advantages accruing to society from the operations of banking are thus immensely increased. A banker receives from all around him the sums of money, both small and great, which would otherwise be useless if hoarded up by the owners, and lends it to those who can employ it to advantage and could not otherwise obtain it. Capital hitherto lying useless and unproductive becomes, through this agency, useful and productive. The direct advantages arising from such transactions are considerable.

The banker, if the money is allowed to lie with him for some time, will pay the depositor interest upon it, will lend the amount to the borrower who will engage in some business transaction with it and make a profit thereby; and the banker himself will make a profit upon the dif-



ference between the interest allowed to the depositor and that charged to the borrower. But besides the direct advantage, the indirect advantages are not less important. With the money thus loaned out the manufacturers can purchase raw material to be worked up, and procure food and clothing for the workmen; and the dealer can go into the markets and purchase commodities for re-sale. Articles are thus more quickly turned to useful purposes and a stimulus is given to the production of more.

Banking is not altogether confined to the business and wealthier portions of a community. There is a class of banks called savings banks, which had their origin in the present century, where money can be deposited in small installments,

upon which the depositor receives compound interest, semi-annually or annually, according to the rules of the bank. These institutions have wrought vast benefits by inducing habits of economy and frugality among the working classes. We have them in our own community, and it would be a source of great benefit to many of our youth who are in employment if they should deposit a small amount of their earnings regularly in one of these institutions. It would teach them the habit of living within their means; besides, there would be a reserve for them in time of need.

The greatest and most important monetary establishment in the world is the Bank of England, of which the accompanying engraving is but a miniature representation. It is situated nearly in the center of London. The building covers eight acres of ground, or equal in amount to four-fifths of one of our blocks, and its business employs nearly one thousand clerks, porters and servants. It was founded 1694, by William Patterson, a Scotchman. The business of the bank is conducted by a governor, a deputy governor and a board of directors, twenty-four in number, eight of whom go out of office annually, but they are eligible for re-election. The price in the money market of £100 Bank of England stock is generally £295. The amount paid in salaries is about £220,000 a year.

Besides the enormous business of general banking, issuing of notes, etc., the bank has the management of the national debt of England, amounting to about £800,000,000, or about equal to \$4,000,000 000 of our money. It receives as a commission for keeping the numerous accounts connected with that immense sum—attending to the transfer of stock from hand to hand, and paying the dividends to the several holders—about £200,000.

The bank is a private trading establishment, like any banking house in our country, with the exception of the additional privilege of issuing notes payable on demand. To give value to these notes there is usually kept in the bank upwards of £20,000 in bullion, besides government and other securities.

The original capital of the bank was £1 200 000, but it has increased until now the capital amounts to £14,553,000, or \$72,765,000, U. S. money.

Strangers are allowed to walk through the principal offices during the hours of business. In the bullion office is to be seen an ingenious and delicate apparatus for weighing gold and silver; and in the weighing office is a machine for weighing sovereigns. When these coins are paid into the bank they are weighed, and those which are worn and have become light through long circulation are separated from the rest and passed into a receptacle beneath and are never put in circulation again; and so quickly is the operation performed that 35,000 gold coins can be weighed by one machine in a single day, piece by piece. There is also the printing of bank notes by a very ingenious series of steam machines, and marking them in microscopic writing by a machine lately invented.

Among the minor objects of interest in the bank is a clock with sixteen dials, so contrived that a face is seen in sixteen different offices.

All day long crowds of persons are passing in and out of the various offices of the establishment, of whom the bea-
cles at the door seem to take no particular notice; but let a suspicious person pass the gate and his every movement is closely watched. Being so vigilantly guarded the bank has had few attacks during its whole existence.

Clerks are seen shoveling about gold with indifference, and that with counting, weighing and changing, paying in and carrying away, there seems no busier place in the world. The

sound produced from handling all this coin keeps up an incessant jingle, which excites the wonder and astonishment of the visitor.

The bank is well guarded through the day by the bea-
cles and at night a small company of military and a number of the clerks take charge of it. W. J. L.

SPEAK NO ILL.

BY W. J.

THE sacred historian tells us that when the Lord was making this earth habitable for His children who should thereafter dwell upon it, that "out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil;" but after the transgression of law He said unto Adam: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." And if the farmer of the present age neglects to properly till his soil, he will find that it will bring forth many plants that are not "pleasant to the sight" nor especially "good for food." These weeds appear to have increased since the first generation of men tilled the soil, and now the surface of the earth is very foul.

Man fell. Sin was introduced into the world. In the first generation the prevailing sins seemed to be few, comparatively, according to the record, but they appear to have increased and multiplied in successive generations, and to-day the question suggests itself to the thinking mind of a reading and observing person: "Of what sin is this generation *not* guilty?" Among the many sins characteristic of the present generation is that of evil-speaking.

This evil seems to have become habitual if not fashionable. Habit seems to have blunted sensitiveness and measurably destroyed consciousness, for much of it is done without an apparent realization of the enormity of the wrong committed. This evil is practiced, too, contrary to the law of God. Amidst the smoke, the noise of the trumpet, and the thunderings and lightnings of Mount Sinai this law was given to Israel by the Great Jehovah: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." But some appear to limit its application to a witness testifying under oath in a court of justice, while no such limit can be found in the law itself nor in the intention of the Law-giver. It is not reasonable to suppose that He would confine this truth-telling to occasionally giving evidence under oath in a court of justice, and at all other times and in all other circumstances allow His children to misrepresent and lie about each other with impunity; hence, this law applies to all the children of Adam whenever they use their tongues or pens to speak or write about each other. And it applies especially to all those who have covenanted to keep the commandments of God.

Paul foresaw and foretold to Timothy that in "the last days perilous times" should come, and among the characters he enumerated which should exist in those days he includes "false accusers." Now, these are the times spoken of, and the list of bad characters made by Paul eighteen centuries ago is correct—they all exist, and among them these dangerous "false accusers." And what mortal can tell all the terrible results of their fiendish accusations! True, mortals may

make out a small list, and place prominently on it the shedding of innocent blood of the servants of God, from the murder of Abel to the recent massacre in Tennessee; but we need the records of the recording angels of God to give us the full results of the evil-speaking, lying, and slandering of the children of men. And would to God that covenant Israel were free from this foul sin! But the bleached hair, the sorrowful countenance, the bowed head and the bleeding heart of more than one modest, humble and unpretending servant of God are evidences to the contrary.

But why not speak of all the good we can? Or, if we speak of evil, be just—he just or be silent! This course is proper and right, and should be productive of no evil results, but should produce peace, confidence, and an indestructible union among our race. In a world where there is so much prejudice, so much evil-speaking, and so much bitterness of feeling, it would be pleasant to experience a change. How beautiful it would be if all were to suppress the evil and talk about the good, and *persist* in this course! Some instances in which a disposition of this kind has been manifested, come to mind.

A kind-hearted Dutchman, who was at the funeral of a rather worthless neighbor, and who was determined not to speak any evil of him, after studying some of his characteristics, gave utterance to the following: "He vash a goot schmoker."

An Arab, similarly disposed, even towards the brute creation, when others were cursing and kicking the carcass of a dead dog, exclaimed: "What beautiful white teeth he has!"

A scandal-monger, well loaded with scandal, visited an exceptionally fine old lady, and, after emptying her budget, and finding that the good old lady would not retail her dirty gossip, but persisted in saying something good of her neighbors, exclaimed: "Well, I really do believe you'd find something good to say of the devil himself!" and received this reply: "I think we might well imitate his perseverance."

And in this connection it may not be improper to insert the following clipping: "We don't remember the text of an interesting discourse we listened to a few evenings since, but the drift of it was, that one should find some good qualities in everybody, and avoid mention of what is evil. When the preacher had finished, he invited a reverend gentleman present to make a few remarks. He arose, and, after expressing his pleasure that such an interesting subject should be under consideration, said it reminded him of a story he heard more than forty years ago. A man died, and it was agreed that he should not be buried until some one could say something good of him. Word was sent far and near, for he was known throughout the country, and among all who came to view the remains of the departed, no one could be found to say anything good of him. Finally a barber happened along, and, looking at him, said: 'He had a good face to shave.' That settled the matter, and the man was buried."

The Lord, in a revelation given to the Church in February, 1831, spoke very plainly thus: "Thou shalt not speak evil of thy neighbor, nor do him any harm." "Thou shalt not lie; he that lieth and will not repent shall be cast out." This is the pointed and emphatic law of God to modern covenant Israel, forbidding evil-speaking, which is misrepresentation or a species of lying; forbidding doing *any* harm; and forbidding telling of the full fledged lie, and prescribing excommunication as the immediate penalty to be inflicted upon the liar, unless he repents. And we make a special request of the

youth of latter-day Israel, to avoid the habit of evil-speaking as they would the use of strychnine, and to cultivate the habit of speaking well of each other *or be silent*; to avoid doing harm to each other, and study to do right; to avoid telling an untruth to each other; to thus act towards all mankind; and thus, in connection with the blessings of the gospel, produce a class of men and women as the next generation, so filled with confidence in each other, and faith in God their Heavenly Father, that no power beneath the celestial worlds can possibly prevail against them, neither in time nor in eternity.

A BIT OF NEWS.

ROSY RAYMOND dearly loved to tell a bit of news.

So strong was this arrant love of gossip in her that, even when a child, she would sometimes hire her little brother, Yue, with a cake or an apple, to let her *first* tell something they had heard at school or on the street.

Rosy, like most news-dealing people, did not always tell her stories correctly. She had such a vivid imagination that her "news" was sometimes *new* to the people it concerned, and they were often astonished to hear the wonderful things they had said or done, according to Rosy's version of them.

They used to call her "Romantic Rosy" at school, until at last she almost earned a harder name, which our story will suggest.

Rosy was a great favorite with her schoolmates. She was a bright and entertaining talker, of course; a good writer and a great help to inquiring friends on "composition days."

"Why, when Rosy took up her pencil," the girls declared in a neat compliment, "the subjects just seemed to write on themselves."

Among her class one session there was a new girl, about her own age, and towards whom Rosy professed to feel a strong affection.

She was a very quiet and rather dignified girl, and received Rosy's warm demonstrations of affection in a very cool and calm manner.

No one knew anything of her family except Mrs. Barker, who did not think it at all necessary to explain her pedigree to the curious villagers.

In consequence Ada Pierson became something of a mystery, and it was this that made her a very interesting subject for Rosy Raymond's vivid imagination.

The theories that Rosy assigned as reasons why Ada rarely spoke of her friends in the West to the girls, and why it was that Ada never read them parts of the letters she received from home, as was the custom among a number of the class, were more creditable to her powers of invention than to her moral sense or her heart.

She finally thought that she had discovered a clue to the mystery. It was the result of an accident which was in itself somewhat vague and mysterious.

A bit of paper fluttered out of Ada's apron pocket as she and Rosy were walking through the grounds at recess one day.

Ada quickly picked it up and put it back; but not too quick for Rosy's bright eye to see that it was a piece of a letter, and written in a gentleman's bold hand. And immediately every curious fibre in Rosy's mind tingled to know what the slip contained.

Ada's apron was a fanciful little affair, and the pocket one of those shallow, ruffled little triangles that hold nothing, consequently the paper dropped out again, and this time Ada did not notice it; but Rosy did and, throwing aside all honorable scruples, she adroitly let fall her handkerchief at once and picked up both together.

As soon as she found time and opportunity she read the scrap of paper, and her eyes opened very wide as these words, written in a man's hand, met her gaze:

"The trial comes off on the 20th. Hope for the best.

"CHARLEY."

This, then, was the terrible reason why Ada Pierson never talked of her friends and family. She was connected in some way with a criminal, a man about to be tried for some offense and one who desired to prepare her for the judgment of the law.

Rosy could scarcely wait for school to break, so eager was she to tell to somebody the news she had to impart.

Understanding the telegraph of eyes with which she made known to them she had "a story to tell," a knot of girls joined her after school, and they were soon clustered around the broad stone steps of Rosy's home. Rosy was in her proper element now and she recited, in glowing language and highly-colored words, the little bit of news she had discovered.

"I always thought there was something low about her," cried one.

So soon does the shadow of suspicion assume the color of disgrace!

"And I suspected there was a mystery connected with her; she's so uncommunicative and dignified in her manner," cried another.

"Don't let's notice her any more, girls," exclaimed a third.

And then they all agreed to "cut" Ada Pierson on the morrow.

Accordingly next day every girl was intent upon her lesson when Miss Pierson bade them "Good-morning," and later, at recess, the girls all wandered off together and left Ada quite alone.

Mrs. Barker noticed the singularly new manner in which her stranger pupil was being treated; but, as queer behavior frequently breaks out and passes away in girls' schools, she thought it best to pay no particular attention to the little episode without it took a more unpleasant form.

Rosy's vivid coloring and interpretation to the few words she had read upon the scrap of paper lost no weight in their repetition, and before many days everybody in the little town had heard that Mrs. Barker's new pupil from the West was the daughter of a murderer who was to be hung on the 20th of the month.

Some of the young ladies' mothers finally called upon Mrs. Barker in a body to ask if the report were true.

That Mrs. Barker was astounded at the question would be a mild term for the indignant feelings she felt rise within her.

"What has given rise to so false and scandalous a story?" she asked.

From one girl to another, the starting point of the report was directly traced down to Rosy Raymond's steps, where the little excitable gossip had told the girls her "bit of news."

Poor Rosy! her name belied her looks when, pale and trembling, she was brought down into the parlor, where, before the ladies, Mrs. Barker severely requested her to give her authority for the wicked report she had raised.

"I found a piece of a letter with it on," stammered Rosy.

"With what on, pray?" closely questioned Mrs. Barker.

"With the words, 'The trial comes off on the 20th. Hope for the best.

"CHARLEY."

"Which sentence, interpreted," said Mrs. Barker in a cool tone to the ladies before her, "means a college boat-race in which Miss Pierson's cousin, Charley Perry, to whom she is to be married next year, hopes to be victor. I trust that you are entirely satisfied with my explanation of the unpleasant affair, and I beg that you will lose no time and spare no pains in at once correcting the report, which I fear many have helped to grow in the village.

"Miss Pierson is an estimable young lady, and the daughter of a much-beloved friend of mine, and I deeply regret that any such sad story should have arisen to annoy her while under my charge. As for my pupil, Rosy Raymond, I have feared for some time that her vivid imagination, love of gossip and certain lack of love of *truth* would at last lead her into trouble. I have tried faithfully to guide and correct her, but I see I have failed in my endeavor. I think, perhaps, in consequence of this sad affair, it would be best for her to leave school for a while now, and pursue her studies at home, or under another teacher."

With these polite words of explanation to the ladies, and delicate manner of expelling poor Rosy, Mrs. Barker bade her visitors good-morning.

It was a severe trial to "Romantic Rosy," but it was a merited one.

To be able to dress up a plain and common subject in picturesque and graceful words is a happy gift; but when to that gift is added an indifference to the claims of truth, it may lead one into tempting paths that end in sorrow and suffering.

Rosy Raymond discovered the fact, but she labored so diligently afterwards to cultivate a truthful way of telling things, and avoided so assiduously all stories that savored of gossip, that in time she became a well-beloved and very trusted young lady, and no one ever thinks to-day of doubting her word.

G. DEBANA.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE indications at present are that the election of Cleveland will be conceded. The country does not seem disposed to give countenance to an attempt to set aside his election. Republican leaders appear to be conscious of this, and however much they dislike it, they appear to be in a position where they are compelled to accept the results. If the transfer be peaceably made there will be a great change. Already in Utah parties are anticipating and preparing for this change. The anti-Mormon faction have already taken their stand and seem to be getting their dishes ready to catch whatever may rain into them. They are as bitter in their opposition to local self government and to the rights of the people as their Republican associates. They call themselves Democrats, but they hate liberty and would destroy it as readily as any Republican would. We would just as soon be under a Republican tyrant as under a Democratic tyrant. The process of strangling liberty is no less painful because it is done by a Democrat than if it were done by a Republican. Between such people, therefore, there is no choice. There has also been a Democratic club organ-

ized which is not in unison with the anti-Mormon faction, but they have, in their anxiety to defend themselves against charges made by the anti-Mormons, inserted planks in their platform which are entirely unnecessary and which will lead to embarrassment. In forming this club they may have hoped to secure a following from among the young people of the Territory, many of whom are of strong Democratic leanings. But no man or woman with any self-respect can follow or become identified with a club which framed such a platform. We think it is hopeless for them to expect much of a following. The true spirit of democracy does not seek to destroy religion or to assail its believers. If Thomas Jefferson be taken as an example, he has expressed his views in the plainest possible manner in speaking of the Virginia Act for establishing religious freedom. In his autobiography he says:

"The bill for establishing religious freedom, the principle of which had, to a certain degree, been enacted before, I had drawn in all the latitude of reason and right. It still met with opposition; but, with some mutilation in the preamble, it was finally passed; and a singular proposition proved that its protection of opinion was universal. Where the preamble declares that coercion is a departure from the plan of the holy Author of our religion, an amendment was proposed by inserting the words 'Jesus Christ,' so that it should read, 'a departure from the plan of Jesus Christ, the holy Author of our religion;' the insertion was rejected by a great majority, in proof that they meant to comprehend, within the mantle of its protection, the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and the Mohammedan, the Hindoo and the Infidel of every denomination."

If the Democratic party has a father it is this same Thomas Jefferson, and a Democrat who seeks to trample upon this liberal sentiment respecting religion is no true follower of the father of Democracy.

WE hear many inquiries as to the probable effect of the change of administration. Whether we as a people will receive better treatment at the hands of the Democratic party than we have from the Republicans is not perfectly clear. There is this to be said: The Democrats have been the most fearless and staunch of any other men in resisting the efforts to obtain inimical legislation against Utah. While some of the party, for the sake of popularity, have voted with the Republicans, there have been brave and true men among them who have stood by the Constitution and been willing to take all the consequences of so doing. Even where the cause of the unpopular "Mormons" was involved a band of noble Democrats voted against the Edmunds law, though they were threatened with the loss of their political standing and sneered at for so doing. And they also, in large numbers, voted against the attempt to have the writer deprived of his seat to which he had been legally elected. There are, however, a class of Democrats who are timid upon our question, and with whom public opinion has great weight. They are afraid of losing their places, and have not the courage to stand by their principles where there is any risk. Such men are as dangerous as Republicans, and if a sufficient number of them were to have influence with the administration the result would be a repetition of what we now have and have had for years in this Territory. There is this difference, however, between the two parties: The Republican party announced in its platform its determination to reach the "Mormon" question by some means, even, if necessary, by the use of the army. This was a part of their platform upon which they made the fight with

the Democrats. The Democratic convention threw out everything of this kind; the platform of the party contains no allusion to our question. The issue, therefore, was fairly before the people, one party making it a part of its announced policy, and the other remaining silent upon the subject. The former has been defeated; the latter has been victorious. Its position, of course, is much stronger in consequence of this. The administration thus elected can deal with our question fairly, for it is not pledged to any other course. I have hopes that we shall see a better day resulting from this election, and that, at least, we shall have a breathing spell, though I do not count confidently at any time upon the favor of men or of parties.

THE Democratic party, under the administration of James Buchanan, President of the United States, attacked us, and sought to gain the favor of the nation by sending an army to Utah. His competitor, John C. Fremont, had been nominated by the Republicans, and the platform of the convention which nominated him denounced slavery and polygamy as the twin relics of barbarism. The southern element was then in the ascendancy in the Democratic party, and they were by no means desirous to have their institution set down as a twin of polygamy. They were, therefore, quite willing to aid in destroying polygamy to prevent the odium that they fancied attached to the association. When Buchanan, therefore, became President it had been pre-arranged—so I was informed in California, where I was then publishing the *Western Standard* and laboring in the ministry—that an attack should be made upon our institutions, and for this purpose the army was sent to Utah. Besides that, there were traitors in the government who wished to put the army in a position that if secession did occur it would be where it could not interfere with the carrying out of their plan. It has always seemed to me that that act of the Democratic party proved its ruin. It was defeated at the polls at the next election and has never had a victory in the presidential election that has been conceded to it until the present.

Tilden and Hendricks, in 1876, were doubtless elected, but they were cheated out of the election. The fact that the committee on platform at the last Democratic national convention refused to insert any plank in its platform attacking us, we think, is one of the causes of its victory. It is a remarkable fact that when the delegate of Utah was assailed because of his religion in the forty-third Congress, (1873-4) the Democratic party stood up nobly in his defense and, though in the minority, they were the means of keeping him in his seat.

That disposition to do fairly and to treat the Latter-day Saints as they would other citizens, regardless of their religion, in my opinion, called forth the favor of the Almighty, and at the next election they were victorious, and for the first time since the Buchanan war they carried the House of Representatives. I took occasion to tell some of the leading Democrats in Congress that this was our faith concerning them. It had been predicted when they sent that army against Utah that it would bring defeat to the party. It did so. It was the cause of their losing control of the government, and they remained in an apparently hopeless minority until they changed their course and showed their willingness to do right by us as they would by any other citizens. Then they again obtained favor, and from that time until the present they have been stronger than they ever were since Buchanan's attack upon us. Whether the Democratic party will remain in power depends, I think, very much on the course they take upon our ques-

tion. This may seem to many a matter of very little consequence; but it may be said of us, with great truth, as it was once said of Mordecai, when Haman, his enemy and an enemy of the Jews, had planned the destruction of Mordecai, a servant of God:

"If Mordecai be of the seed of the Jews, before whom thou hast begun to fall, thou shalt not prevail against him, but shalt surely fall before him."

"AND THEY WERE SPEECH- LESS."

THE shortest of creeds is that of the man who believes only what he understands. It may be stated in four words: "I believe in nothing." He can not believe in his own existence; for the greatest of physiologists know not what life is. He does not believe in magnetism; for even Prof. Tyndall says he has no theory whereby to explain it. This pithy anecdote shows how such a person must be a universal skeptic:

"I will not believe anything but what I understand," said a self-confident young man in a hotel one day.

"Nor will I," said another.

"Neither will I," chimed in a third.

"Gentlemen," said one who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly that you will not believe anything you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one; and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning I saw some geese in a field eating grass. Do you believe that?"

"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.

"I also saw the pigs eating grass. Do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three.

"And I also saw sheep and cows eating grass. Do you believe that?"

"Of course," was again replied.

"Well, but the grass which they had formerly eaten had, by digestion, turned to feathers on the backs of the geese, to bristles on the backs of the swine, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows had turned to hair. Do you believe that, gentlemen?"

"Certainly," they replied.

"Yes, you believe it," he rejoined; "but do you understand it?"

They were silent.—*Etc.*

PLODDING TOM.

"TOM DUNN, do you know your lesson yet?"

The question, uttered in an irritated tone, came from a young man who had been reading a newspaper, waiting for the tardy boy of his class.

"N-no sir; I don't believe I do quite," was the hesitating reply.

"Are you aware what time it is?"

"One o'clock, sir," said young Dunn.

He knew that well enough. Had not his eyes lingered on the tardy hands of the old moonfaced clock, and thence gone

roving out through the window to where the fields were sleeping in the noonday haze? And then he was so hungry!

"Tom, come here. I can't understand what makes you so stupid!" said the master; and taking the book, he proceeded to hastily review point after point.

"Do you understand this?" he asked, "and this, and that?"

Tom's brow lightened. He was more pleased with himself that things looked clearer, and certain doubts vanished, and his hearty "Oh, thank you, sir!" made the teacher smile.

"You're very slow, Dunn, very slow. I don't think I ever saw a fellow just like you; but I guess what you learn you learn."

That was just it—what Tom Dunn knew, he knew thoroughly.

"Well, if here isn't Tom, just as dinner is done!" cried his sister Anne.

"And every bit of the pudding gone," said Oscar, the next oldest brother. "I made sure you'd stay all day."

"Poor boy!" sighed his mother; "he always seems to be behind in everything. Ever since he was a baby he has been slow."

Tom sat down, however, and ate the scraps contentedly. It had always been his lot to eat scraps. Nobody seemed to think that Tom would care.

"I don't know what we shall do with that boy," Mr. Dunn often said, when talking over the prospects of their children. "Charley inclines to the law, and Oscar will be a doctor; but what ability has Tom for anything? He is so slow and plodding, so little ambitious, that I am discouraged when I think of his future."

"Poor Tom!" said Mrs. Dunn, half-sighing, half-laughing; "he is the black sheep of the family. When he was a little fellow, I used of ten to be startled by the owl-like wisdom of his face. I never thought then that it was dullness. He can't help it. His motions are slow, his mind is slow, but I hope he will make his way in the world."

Tom was the butt of all the family, but it did not seem to anger him at all. He knew he was slow. Charley could play brilliantly, sing a song with excellent effect, play any game well.

Oscar, his younger brother, was famous for his compositions and his power of elocution. All the rest excelled, outstripped him, and yet he plodded on patiently.

"Going to the theatre to-night?" asked a well-dressed young man of Tom, as they left a store together. This was four years later, and Tom was one of the clerks in Tolman & Tolman's great establishment, and so slow and undemonstrative that the other clerks were always chaffing him. He thought for a moment, rattled some loose coins that were in his pocket, and said,

"No."

"Have you ever been?" queried the other.

Tom looked at him in his usual deliberate way, and replied, "No."

"Then you don't know anything of life."

"Then I don't want to," responded Tom.

"By the way, where are you boarding?" asked his friend, pulling on a pair of very tight gloves.

"At Glen's, in Holbrook Street," said Tom.

"Oh, you're slow. Why, that's 'way down town."

"That's why I board there," said Tom. "I only pay four dollars a week. Good-evening."

"The meanest fellow I ever saw," muttered Dick Dalton, as he planted his fancy cane, as heavily as its fragility would permit, on the sidewalk.

Tom gained his boarding-house a tall, rusty-looking tenement, in the fourth story of which was his room. It was a very desolate-looking apartment, for, save in the coldest weather, Tom never had a fire.

There were three shelves, full of excellent books, and on a table at the side of the room stood something that looked like a wooden arm-chair. Bits of pine, a few tools, and a paper filled with sawdust, kept them company.

Of course Tom got but frugal meals in this place. A widow and her daughter kept the house, letting nearly all the rooms to lodgers; but Tom's quiet ways and pleasant face had won an entrance to their hearts, and they took him to their table for a small consideration.

Tom ran up stairs as soon as he reached the house. He never ran up stairs in any other place, but there was an attraction there which was better than the amusements to which his fellow-clerks devoted themselves.

No sooner had he seated himself at the table, and taken up a screw, than some one knocked at the door. At his low "come in" his eldest brother presented himself, dressed in the height of fashion—handsome and even imposing in his appearance.

"Well, Tom, so these are your lodgings, my boy," said the young man. "Not much style, I must say."

"Not much," said Tom, cheerfully. "Have you just come from home?"

"Yes, and everything is going on about the same. Father is mightily pleased that I have got my shingle up."

"And are you prospering?" asked Tom, with a sidelong glance upon the ivory cane, the kid gloves, and the gold chain.

"Oh, so-so. Of course it has taken a good deal of money to furnish my office."

"I thought father advanced you five hundred dollars," said Tom.

"So he did. The old gentleman was very good to mortgage the property—for I suppose you are informed of the fact—but things are so horribly expensive."

"What things?" asked Tom, dryly.

"Everything—all things. To get business now-a-days, a fellow must make a show."

"And so you smoke ten-cent cigars, give suppers now and then, treat your companions, and frequent the theatre," said Tom.

"O, hang it! Your blood's water, Tom; and besides, your position is different from mine. Things are expected from me. I must go into society. By-and-by I shall get a case that will pay me richly for all these sacrifices."

"Sacrifices!" repeated Tom, in a tone that made Charley's blood move faster, so that he said to himself, with the addition of an oath.

"The same old slowboy with no more brains than an ox."

"You are still at the machine, I see," he said aloud, a moment after.

"Oh, yes; it costs next to nothing; and if it never succeeds, it gives me something to think about."

"You don't say that you ever think," was the sarcastic response.

"Well, now and then," was the slow rejoinder.

Charley rose, sauntered back and forth for a few moments, and then stood still, his handsome face reddening.

"I say, Tom, can't you lend me ten dollars? I'm absolutely out of cash."

"I never lend," said Tom.

Charley's breath grew short and quick. Some insulting speech was on the end of his tongue, for he felt both rage and contempt; but Tom, rising quietly, went to a desk and lifted the lid.

"If five dollars will do you any good, you are welcome to them," he said. "They are all I have by me."

"Tom you're a good fellow!" gasped Charley, his tongue yet hot with the words he had intended to say.

Tom went once or twice to his brother's office, and did not like it. "Why should the young lawyer spend a hundred dollars in pictures?" he asked himself indignantly; "and why does he keep the company of such men as I have met there?"

One day, Tom received a letter from his brother Oscar.

"Dear old Tom:—I expect I shall have to leave college. Things are going wrong at home. I don't suppose any one has told you. They seem to think you have all you can do to take care of yourself; and so you have, I suppose. Charley has been an awful weight upon father, and this year the crops have all failed, and father is disabled from work by rheumatism. I don't care much about myself; I only studied medicine to please father, and should rather be almost anything else.

"I think I could write for the newspaper. Can't you get me a place in some store? and I could write evenings, and live with you. Think it over, for I'm about sure father is going to lose all his property. Charley plays billiards, and I'm afraid cards. Write me as soon as you can what can be done for me."

Tom wrote in less than a week. His employer wanted an under salesman. Then he set himself to look carefully into his father's affairs.

Everything there was going to ruin. The farm was to be sold; his father and mother were nearly heartbroken, and no one thought for a moment of looking to him.

But nevertheless he laid his plans. To pay the mortgage was quite impossible, but he hired some comfortable rooms in the old house where he stayed, sold what could be sold from the stock of the farm, had the necessary furniture brought to town, and installed his father and mother in a comfortable home. The months passed. The old folks learned to depend upon him and his sister found a situation as book-keeper.

One day, a gentleman called upon Tom, and was invited into his room. You've been at work fifteen years on this machine, you say?" remarked the gentleman when he had examined it.

The speaker was a business man, whose favor was almost equal to a fortune.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, quietly; "I was always a plodder."

"Well, you've plodded to some purpose," was the answer.

"I am very sure there's money enough in it to make you a rich man."

Tom grew very red, and the room seemed to go round for a moment.

"Thank you," he made reply. "I should like to be rich for the sake of others."

And so, eventually, plodding Tom won the race, and became the practical, efficient, prosperous man of the family.

He that grasps at too much holds nothing fast.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



N conversing with one of our home artists the other day he assured the Editor that there was no place in the west that he was acquainted with, of the population and size of our Territory, where there were so many artists and so much home talent developed as could be found in this city and Territory. He said that he did not believe that there were as many artists in St. Louis as there are here. This is worthy of note. It is an evidence of the talent that exists in great abundance in our rising generation. When we consider the disadvantages under which our people have labored in founding this country and in supplying themselves with schools for the education of the young, having no aid from any source, it is surprising that there should be so much talent exhibited as we see. There are

several young men who have struggled with serious difficulties to acquire a knowledge of portrait and landscape painting, and their work to-day is most creditable. One of our young men, whose parents are poor, and who himself has had to work very hard and contend with many difficulties to obtain the knowledge and skill he possesses, exhibited to the writer and some friends three specimens of his work. One was a landscape painting, another was a crayon portrait, and the third a portrait in pastille—all admirable in their way. A London friend of ours who happened to be in the city at the time, a man of some taste, said that the landscape in oil which he saw would compare favorably with many landscapes which he had seen hung in the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. He admired the work very much, and said that such an artist should be encouraged and his works secured and kept at home, for they would be valuable. The same may be said respecting the works of other artists, many of which are very meritorious.

In this connection we may mention with much satisfaction the fact that the statue of Paul Revere, for which there were several competitors in Boston, has been awarded to a Utah artist, a comparative youth, whose talent is of such a character and possesses such originality of conception as to win many admirers and to secure for him the contract of the statue of this hero of the Revolution, of which Boston is so justly proud. This young man has had no advantages of travel such as some of his competitors have had; but he has native genius and has cultivated his powers with great zeal and assiduity. He will yet, doubtless, become renowned if he continue to study and progress as he has done.

One of the difficulties with which our artists have had to contend is the lack of appreciation on the part of the public. This arises, in part at least, from the narrow circumstances of the great bulk of the people. If our people had more means a higher appreciation of works of art would soon be reached.

This appreciation is suppressed by the want of means to gratify it. Still there is no people in the world who have a greater love for ancestry and friends than we have, and portrait painting among us must become a branch that will be well patronized. Our religion creates within us an interest in our kindred greater than that felt by other people for theirs. This love will find its natural expression in the preservation of the features of the loved ones in oil paintings and in photographs. The photograph is so cheap that there are few who are unable to gratify their taste in preserving the portraits of their friends. This furnishes a beginning. As funds increase, and with them the ability to gratify higher taste in art, the photograph will be replaced by portraits of a more durable character—enlarged crayon portraits, pastille and oil paintings. But for the present the artists have a hard time.

We were admiring the works of one of our artists here a short time since and when we asked him the price of an oil painting, which we thought very admirable, he stated the sum he would take for it, and said that the price he asked would not pay him laborer's wages for the time that he had spent upon it and in securing the sketches from which it was taken. We believed his statement, and we have been struck with the low prices which our artists ask for works that in other lands, and among richer people, would command a much higher price.

Not only is the artist feeling exhibiting itself in this direction, but we can see its development in other quarters. Houses are being erected of a much more tasteful and attractive character than formerly. Attention is being paid to architectural details, to the outside painting, and to the interior decorations and furnishings, so as to secure harmony of color, to an extent never before witnessed among us. Taste in this direction is being rapidly developed. The construction of temples has an elevating effect upon the people, and in Cache Valley and St. George, where temples have been built, the effect upon the houses of the people is very marked. It will doubtless be the case also in Sanpete Valley, and it is already witnessed in this city. It is not too much to anticipate that before many years we shall have a population educated in every direction beyond any community of our numbers on the continent. We have had occasion to remark this in connection with the number of our missionaries which are sent out yearly, gaining an experience and education by travel and by contact with their fellow-men such as no other people possess. The effect of this in every part of our Territory is easily perceived. It broadens the mind, it enlarges the intellect, it cultivates taste, and in every way makes the man who has had a missionary experience of one, two or three years in the field, either in the United States or abroad, a more useful citizen; the effect is not only felt upon his own family, but it is felt in society. No education among the nobility of Europe is considered complete without a tour of foreign travel. Hundreds of our young men are getting the benefits of such tours in the missionary field, and in such a way as to give them an acquaintance with human nature, such as a mere traveler, whose pocket is filled with money, does not obtain.

There is something in our location here and surroundings, combined with the habits of the people, that has a happy effect upon the rising generations. There can be no question that our young people are brighter and have more active and acute intellects than the young of other lands. This is the universal testimony of all the instructors of the youth with whom we have conversed. Men and women who have had

experience in other parts of the United States join in saying that they never had pupils who learned with the ease and facility that the children of these mountains do. Of course we see the hand of the Lord in this, and attribute it to His blessing upon us. There are what are called "natural" causes, however, for this that are operating to produce such results. A temperate, abstemious, industrious people, who observe the laws of life and health, as husbands and wives and as parents, living also in a healthy climate, must naturally produce a high type of offspring, or a higher type than others who neglect these laws are likely to produce. But then, in addition to this, as we have remarked, there is the blessing of the Lord upon the Latter-day Saints and their children.

Taking into consideration, therefore, our circumstances and position in these mountains, the Latter-day Saints have the most encouraging prospects before them and have cause for unbounded thankfulness for what the Lord has done for us as individuals and as a people in placing us in our present position. We should become—and there is no doubt but what we shall—a people possessing most admirable traits of character—a people possessing physical and moral perfections to an almost unexampled extent. We doubtless will have a type of manhood and womanhood such as will be rarely seen elsewhere, and combined with this a knowledge and love for the truth and for the principles of liberty which will ensure the perpetuation of freedom in its highest form in these valleys and mountains.

Beauties of the Gospel.

BENEFITS OF OBEDIENCE TO THE GOSPEL.

BY E. F. P.

SETTING aside the advantages to be derived in the hereafter by those who obey the gospel, which are far beyond our comprehension, we will endeavor to show some of the benefits of the gospel in this life.

It is a fact that without the gospel people are unable by far to enjoy this mortal life to the fullest extent. The gospel is the science of life; and while those who obey it are preparing themselves for future exaltation, they are, at the same time, learning how they can best enjoy the present life. Without the gospel men do not know how to realize the blessings of life, and do not comprehend what true happiness is. The reason there has been and still is so much strife, contention and bloodshed in the world is because the inhabitants have been and are still ignorant of the gospel. Where these evils exist it is certain proof that the people do not understand the gospel: for it brings peace on earth and good will to all men.

Without the gospel even the most highly civilized nations or communities are depraved in their habits. In fact civilization is incomplete unless a knowledge of the gospel is possessed and its principles observed by those who form that civilization. For evidence of this we only need to look at the so-called civilized nations that now exist. No doubt many of them have reached the highest degree of civilization that is

possible for a nation to attain without an inspired priesthood to rule. But while they have arisen to such a degree of perfection in many of the arts and sciences they have also become so corrupt in their morals that their downfall and decay are natural consequences. It matters not how well founded it may be, every nation or kingdom that is built up by man must, like all earthly things, crumble and turn to dust.

Not only is the gospel an inestimable benefit to mankind collectively in a nation, but it is of the utmost value to those who receive it individually. To show this let us imagine two cases. First, let us take a person who has no religious inclinations. To him life is like a dream. He does not know where he came from, for what purpose he is placed on earth, or what his destiny will be. The highest ambition or desire that he may seek to gratify is to gain earthly riches, or a power and influence among his fellow-men. He makes no allowance for the future, for he knows not what change an hour may make in him. All is uncertainty with him. With such a person life is not worth living; for what is the use of enduring life's warfare with no purpose—without a hope of victory in the end? How true are the words of Paul: "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable!" This earth, after all, is to those who enjoy it best a world of sorrow, pain and sickness; and if its trials are to be endured without a hope of a better life, how terrible they must be! A life without religion is a sad failure, and those who live it suffer all its trials without enjoying half its blessings.

But let us turn to the pleasing picture exhibited in the life of a Saint. In the first place he has hope—not hope only, but, if he has obeyed the gospel sincerely, a knowledge that he will receive a glorious reward in the future if he lives worthy of it. Whatever his circumstances are, bright prospects are continually shining before his eyes. This alone is enough to make one happy; for very often the anticipation of pleasure is almost equal to its realization. The true Saint is not left in uncertainty upon anything; and if he wishes light upon any subject he has the privilege of asking and the assurance of obtaining it from heaven. He has no cause for earthly fears. By putting his trust in God he needs harbor no anxiety about any matter whatever. He is as free as any mortal can be. When sickness comes to his body, or sorrow to his soul, he can claim strength and consolation from the Lord whom he serves. Trials may throng in his way; but ever in times of need he can obtain help by humbly petitioning his Heavenly Father for it. Above all he can enjoy the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit at all times to guide him in the paths of right and warn him of dangers that threaten his peace. It will also give him happiness that without this Spirit none can enjoy.

These are only a few of the benefits derived from the gospel in this life. When we take into consideration the many blessings the gospel brings in this mortality and the glories that await those who obey it, when they depart from this state of probation, we can realize that it truly brings glad tidings of great joy to mankind.

ROSES OF PLEASURE.—The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.—*Blair*.

THE PROPHET DANIEL.

THE picture is intended to represent Daniel interpreting the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. We presume that most

ing narrative. It is unnecessary at this time to narrate the story as the Bible account is very simple and easily understood.

With the young who are not very familiar with the scrip-



of our readers have read the account of this remarkable dream Nebuchadnezzar had, and which is recorded in the second chapter of the Book of Daniel. Those who have not, we would recommend to do so, as they will find it a very interest-

tures, the question naturally arises, Who was Daniel? and when and where did he live?

We will endeavor to answer these questions for the benefit of our young friends.

For five hundred years after their deliverance from Egyptian bondage, the Israelites were united as one people, and were all governed by the same king or judge. But after the death of Solomon, and during the reign of his son Rehoboam, ten of the twelve tribes revolted against the king who was of the tribe of Judah. From that time the ten tribes were called the kingdom of Israel and the tribes of Judah and Benjamin were united and known as the kingdom of Judah. Some three hundred and sixty years later, Jehoiakim, a descendant of Solomon, was king of Judah. He proved to be a wicked king, and the Lord delivered him into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who after besieging Jerusalem, took him captive to his own capital.

He also took some of the vessels from the house of God, and placed them in the treasure house of his god, or the idol which he worshipped. At the same time he instructed one of his servants to select out certain young men of the Israelites, and of the king's seed and carry them to Babylon, where they were to be brought up in the king's palace. Such young men were to be chosen as were "skillful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science," and were to be taken that they might be taught in the learning and the language of the Chaldeans.

Daniel, who was a prince of the royal family of Judah, was among the number selected, and was carried away to Babylon. The king had appointed a particular kind of food for the young men to eat and wine for their drink. This he did that they might, as he thought, become more fleshy and fairer in their countenance, so that, at the end of three years, when they were to stand before him, they might present a better appearance. But Daniel, who appears to have been wiser than the king in this respect, desired that he and his three companions might be kept on a more simple diet. He proposed that they be tested, by being fed ten days with pulse and have water for their drink. Pulse is the name given to plants which have their seeds in pods, such as peas, beans, etc. The seeds are also called by the same name as the plants which bear them. We suppose, therefore, that Daniel's food consisted of some kind of soup made of beans or peas, or some similar kinds of seeds. He and his companions were accordingly furnished with the food they desired; and at the end of ten days their appearance was better than that of the young men who had been fed as the king directed. After that they were all required to eat pulse and drink water.

When the three years were ended these young men were examined before the king. He found that Daniel and his companions were the wisest of them all, and they possessed ten times more knowledge and understanding than all the magicians and astrologers in the kingdom.

It was the interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream that brought Daniel to the notice and favor of the king, and he was appointed to be the president of the council of Babylon.

Ten years subsequently he interpreted the king's second dream, which was to the effect that he should be humbled, by being driven from the society of men, and should dwell with, and eat like the beasts of the field. This dream was fulfilled, and during the seven years that Nebuchadnezzar was in this condition, Daniel was the governor of the Babylonish kingdom in his place. Nothing more is known of Daniel until he was called to read and interpret the writing on the wall in the palace of Belshazzar, the son and successor to the throne of Nebuchadnezzar. On the night of this occurrence, Belshazzar was slain and Darius, the Median prince took the king-

dom. Darius appointed Daniel to be the chief president of the kingdom. This position he held also under the reign of Cyrus, the Persian. Thus he gained favor with and was appointed to high positions by four different rulers. But above all he was favored of God, who bestowed upon him great wisdom, and inspired him to foretell events that would come to pass in the future.

During the reign of Cyrus, the Israelites who were carried captive to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar, returned again to Jerusalem; but Daniel remained and died an exile at the age of over ninety years.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

PISA is one of those old Italian towns which occupied a prominent position, and played an important part in mediæval history. It is said to have been founded about 600 years B. C., and was a town of the ancient district of Etruria. In recent times it belonged to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, now incorporated in the kingdom of Italy.

Pisa is chiefly celebrated now for its wonderful Leaning Tower. This was erected about the year 1150, by the German architect Wilhelm of Innsbruck. It was designed as a belfry for the cathedral, and stands in a square close to the building to which it is attached. We may remark, in passing, that the erection of belfries apart from the churches was common in the early days of ecclesiastical architecture; and many instances of this peculiarity are to be found in Europe.

The leaning tower is built wholly of white marble, and consists of eight circular stories, each ornamented with rows of columns, and gradually narrowing in width from the base towards the top.

The summit is a flat roof, with an open gallery, which commands a magnificent view. Its height is 188 feet, or about fourteen feet less than that of the monument in London.

The tower leans so much from the perpendicular, that a plummet dropped from the top falls at a distance of about fifteen feet from the base. The ordinary observer wonders that, with so great a deviation, it does not come to the ground; but it stands in obedience to the law of physics, by which any body of matter will maintain that position so long as a perpendicular line drawn from its center of gravity shall fall within its base. The "center of gravity" may be explained, to those who are unacquainted with scientific terms, as the *balancing point*, or point at which the entire weight of a body will be equally divided, and exactly balanced on the one side and on the other. As this point is found in the leaning tower to fall within the space covered by its foundations, there is no reason why it should not continue to stand, as it has done, for many centuries to come.

The appearance of the tower has led many to suppose that the above law mentioned is actually violated; and, in fact, so nearly is the limit of compliance with it approached, that scientific observers have occasionally formed the same opinion by calculation, and have been forced to the conclusion that the building was held together only by the great tenacity of the mortar; but the balance of authority, as well as of probability, is against this conclusion.

As to the *cause* of the inclination of the tower, opinions have also been divided. Some have attributed it to a subsidence of the foundation, or a movement of the adjacent earth.

But others have contended with more show of reason in support of their argument, that its leaning was the original device and purpose of the architect, and that it was therefore one of those triumphs of architectural skill which in the middle ages would have been cordially welcomed and appreciated. Captain Basil Hall made a series of careful investigations on the subject, and established, as he believed, to demonstration, that the tower was built as it now stands. He found that the line of the tower, on the side towards which it leans, has not the same curvature as the line on the opposite side. If, he remarked, the tower had been built upright, and then made to incline over, the line of the wall on the side towards which the inclination was given would be more or less concave; but he found the contrary to be the fact, the line of the wall on the leaning side being decidedly more convex than that on the opposite side. Captain Hall had, therefore, no doubt whatever that the design of the architect was apparent in every successive layer of the stone.

These conclusions are partly supported by the remarks of another scientific observer, to the effect that the name of "the Leaning Tower" does not convey a true notion of the form of the building. It is, he remarks, in fact, a "twisted" tower, there being an irregular curvature in the building. But he conjectures that this "twist" was due to the subsidence of the foundation during the erection, and an attempt on the part of the architect to "right" the building as the work proceeded.

We may add that from the leaning tower of Pisa the great astronomer Galileo made, early in the seventeenth century, a series of observations from which he deduced the principles of the gravitation of the earth.—*Selected.*

HOW TO ACQUIRE PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

"I HAVE lost ten minutes forever," exclaimed John Wesley impatiently, after having waited with his papers under his arm for his chaise to take him to meet an appointment.

"Remember, fifteen minutes before time—fifteen minutes—my success depends upon it," was the manner in which Lord Nelson, just before entering upon his last and fatal expedition, urged one of his men to punctuality.

The Sunday school superintendent should not only favor punctuality, but should theoretically understand and assiduously practice this so vital and all-important promoter of success in every social and religious institution. The reasons, of which a few only can here be cited, are as numerous as they are obvious. If the superintendent does not teach by example his words will have no effect. If he is negligent how can he consistently exhort and plead punctuality with others? If he did, inconsistent as it is, would not this be the manner in which many would reason? "If our superintendent can be tardy it is no worse for us." Good friends, as logical as this may appear at first, it is nevertheless a two-edged weapon which cuts the accuser as well as the accused. Superintendent, can you afford to have your conduct thus commented upon by scholars? Pupil, are you only endeavoring to equal your leader in defects? Would it not be wiser to adopt his better qualities?

Surely your maxim is absurd, and reminds me of one nearly synonymous:

William, the apprentice, who is late, is addressed by his master, Mr. Rise-with-the-sun: "Why so late, William?" William: "An old saying is: 'Better late than never.'" Mr. R., "I know a saying though not so old but just as good: 'Better never late.'"

If for no other reason than that of order, punctuality ought to be insisted upon and uniformly maintained, as the former is ill at ease where the latter is not apparent, and the writer is safe in his position that it is utterly impossible to retain that refined guest—order—in any Sunday or day school, without punctuality, for the two have the same parent—they are twins and unassumingly make their journey through life hand-in-hand; and a school without them can virtually be compared to the withered leaves of Autumn.

The question may here be asked, how can we remedy the tardiness of our scholars? We are always in time, yet we must wait five, ten or even fifteen minutes before the majority of the school is assembled. The answer is plain: Don't wait for anybody; give notice of your intention to begin the school at an appointed time if you have not done so. If alone, pray in secret and your Father who sees in secret will reward you openly. When the opening services are over—in part or entirely—depending upon your ability to officiate as choir, you have no alternative, but must commence at once to interest your school, while tardy members are gathering. This can best be done by relating some easily understood narrative—"bear story;" such as when Elisha called the bears from the woods; the tantalizing mode of the Russians to make bruin succumb to the effects of his own blows, or the ingenious manner in which the uncultivated Esquimaux capture the king of the polar region. In fact anything will be acceptable, from the fiery snake of Moses to the boa constrictor, or the multitude of serpents in India which annually destroy many people.

To make your narratives beneficial as well as pleasing let them be followed by questions to be answered by the school, and by all means don't let the exercises pass off as of no value. Should the tardiness exist in the class (rather than in the school in general) let the teacher use a similar mode, though modified to suit his class, and beyond doubt the result will be gratifying.

The ticket and card-system, which is so extensively used, is doubtless reaching many of those that are too small to be "spurred up" in any other way. Yet it seems that when prizes are distributed the class-book ought to aid in this purely mechanical transaction, or one can scarcely help thinking of the 2,000 tickets, the Bible, and David and Goliath as disciples of Christ, which, though perhaps not true *verbatim*, is more than likely to be a true picture of the ticket-getting Sunday school population, and that chapter of Tom Sawyer could be studied to good advantage by even the most enthusiastic Sunday school superintendent.

Having thus complied in part with the request to reproduce my remarks, made at the Sunday school conference lately held at Manti, may I hope that the perusal of the above will induce others to view the subject of punctuality as the writer does and in some degree prove of value to the Sunday school cause.

L. M. OLSON.

It is a manly act to forsake an error.

SENDING HORSES TO TRAVELERS.

"POOR old Matthew!" said Lucy, "I hear that he is almost dying with cold!"

Ben was amusing himself with spinning on the table four bright half-crowns, with which his grandfather had presented him that morning; but he stopped for a moment to listen to his sister's account of the sufferings of his aged neighbor, and in a tone of pity said, "I'm sure that I wish that he were better off, he is such a good old man!"

"He had nothing but a crust all yesterday," said Lucy.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ben, balancing his coin between his finger and thumb; "I wish that he had had as good a dinner as I!" Twirl, twirl, went the half-crown, looking like a half-transparent ball, as it spun rapidly round; then gradually its shape altered, it sank lower and lower, then rattled down to its old position on the table.

"I wish that some one would help him!" said Lucy, glancing at the money.

"So do I, with all my heart!" replied Ben, in a manner that told pretty clearly that his charity would not go beyond his good wishes.

There was a pause, which was first broken by Lucy. "I read such a funny account, in a book about Thibet," said she, "of a curious piece of superstition, that I put a mark in the place, just that I might read it to you; I thought that it would make you laugh."

"Let's have it!" cried Ben, pocketing his half-crowns, for he dearly loved anything funny. So Lucy opened a volume of Hue's Travels, and read the following account of the strange ideas of a young student of medicine at Kounboun:

"One day," writes the missionary Hue, "he proposed to us a service of devotion in favor of all the travelers throughout the whole world. 'We are not acquainted with this devotion, said we; 'will you explain to us?' 'This is it: You know that a good many travelers find themselves from time to time on rugged toilsome roads, and it often happens that they cannot proceed by reason of their being altogether exhausted. In this case we aid them by sending horses to them.' 'That,' said we, 'is a most admirable custom; but you must consider that poor travelers such as we are not in a condition to share in the good work. You know that we possess only a horse and a little mule, which require rest in order that they may carry us to Thibet.' He clapped his hands together, and burst into a loud laugh. 'What are you laughing at? What we have said is the simple truth; we have only a horse and a little mule.' When his laughter at last subsided, 'It was not that which I was laughing at,' said he; 'I laughed at your mistaking the sort of devotion I mean. What we send to the travelers are paper horses.' And therewith he ran off to his cell, and presently returned, his hands filled with bits of paper, on each of which was printed the figure of a horse, saddled, and bridled, and going at full gallop. 'Here, these are the horses we send to the travelers! To-morrow we shall ascend a high mountain, and there we shall pass the day, saying prayers and sending off horses.' 'How do you send them to the travelers?' 'Oh, the means are very easy. After a certain form of prayer, we take a packet of horses, which we throw up into the air; the wind carries them away, and by the power of Buddha they are then changed to real horses, which offer themselves to travelers.'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Ben, when she had finished; "I never heard anything so odd in my life. We have nothing in England like these paper horses."

"Well, I could not quite say that," observed Lucy; "there was something that reminded me of them just now."

"What was that?" said Ben, glancing up at his sister.

"Sending only *good wishes* to those to whom we are able to send real help," Lucy replied with a smile. "They go just as far, and are exactly as useful to the poor, as the paper horses to the travelers in the deserts of Thibet."—*Ec.*

THE KINGDOMS OF JUDAH AND ISRAEL FROM SOLOMON TO THE CAPTIVITY.

BY J. H. W.

(Continued from page 347.)

JEHOSHAPHAT engaged in another military expedition, along with Jehoram, now king of Israel, against the Moabites. The two kings, after being in imminent danger of losing their armies and their lives from want of water, were, by direction of the Prophet Elisha, not only delivered, but enabled to defeat the Moabites. Jehoshaphat died in the year B. C. 889, after having reigned twenty-five years.

At his death Jehoram, his son, succeeded to the throne. Another Jehoram, son of Ahab, was at the same time king of Israel. About this time the Edomites revolted from under the dominion of Judah, and never were again subdued. Idolatry had by this time so tainted both kingdoms that they were weakened by domestic strife and were fast hastening to their destruction. The neighboring kingdoms perceiving their weakness began to make inroads both upon Judah and Israel. From this time their kings were of little importance. Jehoram was succeeded on the throne of Judah by Ahaziah; and he in turn by Joash and Amaziah. To the latter succeeded Uzziah, a warlike prince, who is chiefly remarkable for his long reign of fifty-two years, and for his standing army of three hundred and seven thousand five hundred men. He also fortified the city of Jerusalem, built bastions at intervals and placed great engines upon the walls to hurl darts and stones upon any assailants.

Uzziah died B. C. 758, and was succeeded by his son Jotham, who reigned well for sixteen years and was succeeded by Ahaz, one of the most profligate princes that ever reigned in Judah. It was during his reign that Assyria first brought the kingdom of Judah under tribute. It was to pay the demand thus made upon him that Ahaz stripped the temple and palace of Solomon of their gold and silver. After a mischievous and disastrous reign of sixteen years Ahaz died, B. C. 726. Hezekiah, his son, succeeded him and reigned twenty-nine years. He was an exemplary prince and did what he could to avert the calamities that threatened his kingdom. The kingdom of Israel had rapidly sunk after the days of Ahab, of whom mention has been made already; and at length in the reign of Hezekiah, Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, captured Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel, and carried the principal part of the ten tribes into captivity. Thus ended the monarchy of Israel in the year B. C. 721, after it had continued separate from the kingdom of Judah for a period of two hundred and fifty-four years.

The kingdom of Judah still continued for a time. Hezekiah was succeeded by his son Manasseh, a prince of extraordinary wickedness. Idolatrous altars were built in the courts of the temple, and even that sacred edifice defiled by a graven image. The streets of Jerusalem were stained with innocent blood; the sacred persons of the prophets were violated. Tradition ascribes the horrid martyrdom of Isaiah, who was sawn asunder, to this relentless tyrant. His vices brought their own punishment. When the army of Esarhaddon, the new sovereign of Assyria, made its appearance under the walls, Jerusalem offered no resistance, and the unworthy heir of David and Solomon was led away in chains to the dungeons of Babylon. Afterwards, on his repentance, he was restored to his kingdom as a tributary prince. Manasseh was succeeded by Amon, who reigned two years, when his servants conspired and slew him.

Josiah was then raised to the throne. His character is one of the most beautiful in the whole sacred volume; and his efforts to reform the nation were the last that were made to retrieve the downward course of the kingdom.

Josiah was succeeded by Jehoahaz, who reigned three months and was followed by Jehoiakim. It was during his reign that Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who was then at war with Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt, made his incursion into Judah. At this time Daniel and his three friends Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were carried captives to Babylon; and it is from this event that the seventy years captivity of the Jews, to the first decree for their restoration are computed.

Three years later Nebuchadnezzar sent another army against Judah, put the king Jehoiakim to death, carried off ten thousand men of influence and eight thousand artificers from the country, and along with them the sacred vessels of the temple. It was in this captivity that Mordecai and Ezekiel were taken; and Ezekiel reckons the time from this event.

Zedekiah was then placed on the throne as a tributary prince. Eight years later he revolted and joined the king of Egypt. Nebuchadnezzar then laid siege to Jerusalem. The city was exceedingly strong, and well calculated by its position and fortifications to resist the implements of warfare then in use. The siege continued two years and a half; until the famine within the city became so great that the people were devouring each other, and women were discovered cooking and eating their own dead infants. Zedekiah, in attempting to escape, was captured; his children were put to death and then his eyes were put out. In the meantime the army burst into the city, burned the temple and principal edifices, and made slaves of all whom they did not put to the sword. Zedekiah was carried to Babylon where he died. Thus was dissolved the kingdom of Judah, in the year B. C. 588; and it is from this captivity that the seventy years are to be reckoned, to the decree of Darius Hystaspes, king of Persia, to restore the city and temple.

HOW TO OBTAIN FRIENDSHIP.—Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal that is never caught nor tamed but by kindness and pleasure. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their satisfaction; oblige, with all your soul, that friend who has made you a present of his own.

Lessons for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

JESUS TEMPTED BY THE EVIL ONE.

AFTER Jesus had been baptized He went into the wilderness, and there He fasted. Not as we fast—one day in every month—but forty days and forty nights He was without food. If you little ones were ever very hungry, you can form some little idea of what fasting means; perhaps none of us could ever fast as long as Jesus did, for He was strong in the Lord, and was filled with the spirit of His mission. He proved, by His willingness to suffer in this way, His obedience to His Heavenly Father and His power to overcome the flesh. Jesus knew He would be tempted of the evil one just as much as He could bear, and He fasted that He might be stronger to resist and overcome when tempted. This shows us how to get power and strength when we are tempted.

When the forty days and nights were ended Jesus was very hungry. Now, the evil one knew how hungry Jesus was, so he came to Him and said, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread."

The Savior answered, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Then the evil one took Him up on a high pinnacle of the temple and said, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Jesus answered, "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

Then the devil took Him up into a very high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof, and said, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Then the Savior answered, "Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Then the devil left Jesus, and angels came and ministered to Him and the evil one had no more power over Him.

1. Q.—What did Jesus do after He was baptized?
2. Q.—How long did He fast?
3. Q.—Why did Jesus fast?

4. Q.—Who came and tempted Jesus after His fast?

5. Q.—What was the first temptation?

6. Q.—What did Jesus answer?

7. Q.—What did the evil one do next to tempt Him?

8. Q.—What did Jesus answer him?

9. Q.—What was the last temptation?

10. Q.—What was Jesus' answer?

11. Q.—Who came after the devil had left Jesus?

ZINA.

DORA'S HOUSE-KEEPING.

ONE morning Dora's mother was going away to the next town. She was going to bring grandma for a visit. The carriage was waiting before she was quite ready. "Now I shall not have time to finish my work," she said. "I will let you sweep the sitting-room, Dora. You did it very nicely last week, and I know you want to help me."

Dora was pouting because she could not go in the carriage with her mother. She thought it was very cruel that she must stay at home when she wanted to go so much. So she did not answer, but sat by the window pouting till the carriage was gone. Then she said to herself: "I don't feel like sweeping, and don't care how I do it. I think it's too bad that I can't go to ride!"

So she swept the sitting-room in a very heedless manner. She did not get the dust-pan and take up the litter; she only brushed it together and left it under the hearth-rug.

When her mother came home she praised her for making the room so neat. Grandma praised her too. She said, "I like to see children do their work well, and then I feel assured they will do their work well when they are grown up. I am glad if our little girl is going to be a good house-keeper."

Oh how Dora felt! She was so ashamed of what she had done. She felt worse because they praised her. She kept thinking of the litter under the hearth-rug. She was afraid some one would move the rug and see it. She was unhappy all the rest of the day. When she went to sleep at night she dreamed that she could not find the dust-pan.

She awoke very early the next morning and went down stairs alone. She found the dust-pan, and brushed up the litter as carefully as she could. It seemed easy enough to do it now. She wished that she had done it at first; then she would have deserved praise from mother and grandmother.

Dora remembered this for a long time. I am not sure if she ever forgot it; and it taught her a good lesson. She found that wrong-doing made her very unhappy. When she grew older she learned to be a neat house-keeper.—*Ex.*

ONLY A CENT.

UNCLE Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing with two pet pigeons.

"Boys," said he, "my work-shop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I will give one cent for each sweeping."

"Only one cent?" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe. A cent is better than nothing."

So every day when uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it. And he dropped all his pennies into his tin savings-bank.

One day uncle Harris took Dick and Joe to town. While he went to buy some lumber they went into a store where there were toys of every kind.

"What fine kites!" said Dick.

"Only ten cents," said the man behind the counter.

"I haven't even a cent," said Dick.

"I have fifty cents," said Joe, and I think I will take that bird kite."

"How did you get fifty cents?"

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe. "I saved my pennies, and I never opened my bank until this morning."—*Ex.*

A CURE FOR TATTLERS.—Hannah More, a celebrated writer who died some years ago, had a good way of managing tale-bearers. It is said that when she was told anything derogatory of another, her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and ask if it be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The tale-bearer was taken back, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice be taken of the statement, but the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandal-monger to the scandalized, to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever a second time ventured to repeat a gossip story to Hannah More. One would think her method of treatment would be a sure cure for scandal.—*Ex.*

PERSEVERING mediocrity is much more respectable, and unspeakably more useful, than talented inconstancy.

O, MY FATHER.

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW.

MUSIC BY A. C. SMYTH.

Andante. p *Cres.* *Dim.* *p*

O my Fa - ther Thou that dwell - est In the high and glo - rious place! When shall

Cres. *Dim.* *Grazioso. mf*

I re - gain Thy presence, And a - gain be - held Thy face? In Thy ho - ly

p *Cres.* *Dim.*

hab - i - ta - tion Did my spir - it once re - side? In my first pri - mev - al

p *mf* *f* *Dim. e più lento.*

childhood Was I nur - tured near Thy side? Was I nur - tured near Thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth;
Yet oft-times a secret something
Whispered, You're a stranger here;
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call thee Father,
Through thy Spirit from on high;
But, until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.

In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me, I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, mother, may I meet you
In your royal court on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

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